

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLX--NO. 35

NEWPORT, R. I. FEBRUARY 9, 1918

WHOLE NUMBER 8,896



The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, } Editors.
A. H. SANBORN, }

Mercury Building,

12 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1868, and is now in its hundred and fifty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It has been a weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading, editorially, state, local and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable, and has been a household department, (including many householders in this and other states, the United States given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Another Bitter Cold Spell.

The second severe cold spell of the winter has visited Newport this week, being in some respects worse than the record-breaking weather of the last of December. Although the temperature was not lower than at that time, the sudden drop was accompanied by high northwest winds which drove the cold into the house and made the severity of the weather much more keenly felt. Another contributing factor to the suffering was the fact that the city was devoid of coal, some houses being entirely cut, while others were being heated by very small fires, in an effort to conserve the supply available. Many persons, too, were burning oil and in their ignorance of handling this sort of fuel found that their fires had gone out over night. In consequence there was much suffering through the city, and a great deal of damage was done by frozen water pipes and bursting heaters.

Monday afternoon, the temperature began to drop very rapidly, and by midnight it was down to zero or below, after a day of very moderate temperature. The wind blew a gale from the northwest, carrying the cold indoors and penetrating the thickest clothing of those who were out on the street. Policemen, military men and others who were compelled to be out during the night suffered greatly. The temperature continued to fall steadily and Tuesday morning the readings were anywhere from 8 to 16 below zero. The cold continued throughout the day, hardly rising above the zero mark at all, and at sunset took another fall, but the night was not quite as cold as the preceding one, and the penetrating wind had disappeared. On Wednesday the predicted moderation came, with the temperature only slightly below the freezing point at night.

The unexpected cold wave, following a number of weeks of steady cold weather, came as a great surprise and shock to many people who had hoped that the worst of the winter had been passed. With the harbor and bay filled with ice, with the supply of coal down to the very lowest ebb, and with much suffering everywhere, the consequence of the frigid weather was really serious. The ice in the bay was thickened up more than ever, and where there were indications of breaking up under the heavy wind the cold knitted the fragments together again into an impenetrable mass. Even the Fall River Line steamers to New York were obliged to omit their trips Tuesday night, because of the immense fields of ice in Long Island Sound and also in Narragansett Bay. They resumed the schedule again on Wednesday night, but the buffeting of ice has been a tremendous expense and damage to the big steamers of this line. In many places they had to break through solid fields of ice approximating two feet in thickness.

The ferry boat Sagamore on the Newport and Bristol Ferry line ran a few trips on Monday, but was again compelled to suspend on Tuesday because of the thickness of the ice. The Jamestown ferry struggled through under the most adverse conditions during Tuesday and Wednesday, running when she could but with all regular schedules suspended. It was impossible on Tuesday to get her even into Long wharf, and a landing had to be made at Fort Adams where the passengers telephoned into Newport for taxicabs to bring them over to the city.

The movement of all vessels up the Bay was entirely suspended. Coal barges could not move, and although the navy department had promised the city of Newport a loan of 500 tons of coal from the Bradford cooling station, there was no way by which it could be brought down.

The sudden cold spell made a great additional demand upon the fuel administrators. Their office was besieged for hours by persons clamoring for coal to protect their families and property. Every effort was made to afford relief in needy cases but the supply was practically exhausted, except for a small amount of soft coal on hand. Some of the summer residents had offered to contribute from the supplies in their houses, but the difficulty was to secure wagons to assemble the supply at some central yard for distribution. The situation was greatly relieved on Wednesday, however, from several different quarters. The State Fuel Administrator dispatched several carloads of soft coal from Providence, which came in to the local freight yard on Wednesday. The same day the coal dealers and public were thrown into almost a paroxysm of delight by the arrival of two barges of hard coal by water, consigned to local dealers, one for the Almy Coal Company and the other for the Pinolzer and Manchester Company. Each barge contained about 500 tons of hard coal, and these are expected to afford a little temporary relief, but will have to be used very sparingly, as there is no knowing when more will arrive here.

There was a large gathering at the United Congregational Church last Sunday afternoon to hear Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson deliver an address in favor of national prohibition. Previous to the arrival of Captain Hobson, Captain Edward L. Beach gave a little talk on conditions at the Torpedo Station, explaining how a gigantic explosion there is impossible. Rev. Dr. Sprout spoke upon the prohibition issue and Rev. W. I. Ward presented resolutions favoring the approval of the Federal amendment.

The indications are that the heatless Mondays will continue for a time longer at least, even though they are suspended before the full limit set, March 25th. The orders have been well observed in Newport, but the business men will be glad when they can run to full capacity. On account of the difficulty of heating the Rogers High School on Tuesday except at a great expenditure of coal, that building was closed, re-opening on Thursday. One laundry was forced to close for a time on account of lack of coal.

Mr. Stephen D. Gaines, a well known colored man, died at his home on Levin street late Monday night, after a considerable illness. He had lived in Newport for nearly forty years, and in his younger days was prominent in various forms of athletic sports in the city. Of late he had been engaged in business as a news-dealer on Levin street, but for a number of years he drove his own express wagon, and was also employed as a waiter. He is survived by a widow and one son.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Julia Blatchford Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Potter, of Westchester, N. Y., to Mr. Max Baldwin Kaesche, Jr., of New York.

Rear Admiral Thomas J. Cowie has been ordered to Washington to take charge of the bureau of accounts and supplies, being relieved here by Pay-Inspector Robert H. Woods, U. S. N.

Mr. Edward J. Dunn, Federal income tax collector for this district, gave a very interesting talk on the subject of the new income tax law before the members of the Miantonomi Club on Tuesday evening. At the conclusion of his talk many questions were asked, so that those present had full opportunity to learn how they will be affected under the law.

Clerk Sydney D. Harvey of the Superior Court has been suffering from a severe attack of the grip, but is now considerably improved.

Naval Store House Burned.

Damage estimated at many thousands of dollars was inflicted upon the contents of one of the large naval storehouses on Long wharf early Wednesday morning, when flames swept through the structure, necessitating the use of a large quantity of water which did fully as much damage as the fire. Although the cause is attributed to the heating plant, a thorough investigation is being made by naval officers and agents of the department of justice, in order to fix the cause without question.

At about daylight Wednesday morning, the guards at the storehouse made an investigation to trace an odor of smoke, and on opening the office part of the building found a lively blaze in progress. An alarm was at once given from box 123, and the fire fighters of the New England Steamship Company responded with their apparatus as well as the city department. The guards went to work immediately with extinguishers and a small hose, but the flames spread with such rapidity through the crowded building that their efforts were of no avail. When the fire department arrived, the sheet metal doors were opened with difficulty, being very hot, and a burst of flame and smoke came forth. Lines of hose were laid from a nearby hydrant and from the harbor, and water was thrown into the flames, the firemen working at great disadvantage because of the darkness and dense smoke.

The building was constructed of sheet metal, with wooden partitions inside, making it a particularly difficult fire to fight. Much water had to be used to thoroughly drench the contents because of the difficulty of directing the streams to the point desired, and this resulted in much water damage. After the flames were extinguished, a great mess was revealed. The building was pretty well gutted by fire, many of the wooden timbers being burned through and the partitions pretty thoroughly destroyed. The office section, which was near the heating plant, suffered the worst damage. The exterior was not seriously injured, being of pressed steel, but some sections will have to be replaced.

The fire apparently started around the heating plant and quickly worked its way into the partition which spread the flames through all parts of the building. Many cases of goods were stored in rather close proximity to the heater and these were quickly burned. Great quantities of canned goods were in the building and although some of these were probably injured by overheating, it is expected that a large amount can be saved. Perishable food supplies, such as sugar and beans, were ruined by water. There was also a large supply of clothing of all kinds which was badly damaged by fire, smoke and water. The total estimate of loss runs well over \$50,000.

The burned building was one of three storehouses built near the site of the Old Colony roundhouse to accommodate the vast quantities of supplies that are constantly being received here for the use of the Naval Reserve Force. A heavy steam pressure had to be maintained at all times to keep the contents from freezing, because of the fact that the building was not designed to resist the cold. It is supposed that overheated pipes set fire to either woodwork nearby or to cases of goods stored too close for safety.

Board of Aldermen.

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening it was voted to request the representative council to make an appropriation for the purchase of a motor chassis for the city ambulance, the present body to be mounted thereon. Instead of placing the care of the ambulance on contract, as at present, it is proposed to turn it over to the fire department to operate, as Chief Kirwin has expressed his willingness to try the experiment for a year.

Many licenses of various kinds were granted, including a number of junk licenses. Several applicants for junk licenses came before the board to support their applications, but these were laid over for a week for further consideration, as Inspector Tobin of the police department had some complaints against certain dealers.

The board voted to go on record as supporting an appropriation for the continuation of the Washington street improvement, and a copy of the vote will be sent to the committee of 25, as no provision had been made for this work thus far.

Colonel William J. Cozzens has been confined to his home by illness.

Mr. Dudley E. Campbell has been housed by illness this week.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes has been in New York this week.

Ennis Residence Burned.

The residence of Gen. William Ennis at Kay and Everett streets was badly damaged by fire on Tuesday, while the temperature was hovering around the zero mark, making it one of the worst fires to fight that the local department has encountered in many years. The cause was probably due to thawing out frozen pipes, a still alarm having been sounded some time before for the same cause.

A plumber was called to the Ennis residence early Tuesday morning to thaw out the pipes, and at about 9:20 a still was sounded to extinguish a slight fire around the tank on the third floor. After apparently extinguishing all the fire the men returned to their house, and the plumber went to work in the basement. Some hours later, a maid noticed smoke on the third floor, and another still alarm was sounded, followed quickly by the striking of box 25. The firemen found the flames all through the partitions on the top floor with much fire and smoke. Streams of water were put on as quickly as possible, but the house stands on high land, and the pumpers had to be connected up before pressure could be obtained. It was about an hour and a half before the recall was struck and after that the men left on the scene had a hard fight.

General Ennis, who has not been in good health for some time, was notified from the house and with Mrs. Ennis went into the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Earton, near at hand. Efforts were made to remove all the contents of the lower floors, for while the fire did no damage below the third story, the immense amount of water necessary made havoc on the lower floors. The house was quickly encased with ice both inside and out.

General Ennis bought the residence from Mr. Job A. Peckham some years ago, and has since made his permanent home there. He generally spends his summers away from Newport, and the house is frequently occupied during the season by summer visitors, the secretary of the Spanish Embassy having leased it for the summer two years ago.

The damage was very large, the entire top having been destroyed, and the house will practically have to be rebuilt above the second story.

On the same day, there were many other alarms for minor fires caused by thawing out pipes or by bursting heaters. The damage was of a minor nature in every case however.

Mr. Charles E. Morrison is spending his annual vacation with relatives at Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, his former home.

Mr. B. Hammett Seabury is quite seriously ill at his home in Springfield, Mass. He is a former Newporter, being a son of the late T. Munford Seabury. He is a prominent architect, and some time ago drew plans for the proposed extension of the Rogers High School in this city, but on account of the high cost of building, since the outbreak of the war, the plans have never been adopted.

A court of inquiry has been in session at the Torpedo Station this week, to investigate the recent explosion there. Captain Edwin H. Campbell is the chairman of the court.

The Gas Company has had much trouble with its mains during the severe cold weather, some breaks having occurred at places difficult of access because of the deep frost. When the ground is frozen the escaping gas sometimes works along for long distances before coming to the surface to cause trouble. Newport has escaped serious trouble with its water supply which has caused much suffering in other parts of the state. In Pawtucket a number of water mains froze and burst, showing that the frost had penetrated to a depth of nearly five feet. In Newport it is estimated that there is about three and one-half feet of frost in the ground.

Mr. James Shepley, a brother of Mr. William Shepley of this city, died at his home in Attleboro on Wednesday, at the age of 78 years. He retired from active business many years ago and had since made his home in Attleboro. A sister, Mrs. Sarah Gash of this city, also survives him. The remains were brought to this city for interment, funeral services being held at the residence of Mr. William Shepley on Friday.

Mrs. Margaret McAdam, widow of James McAdam, died at her home on Bay View Avenue on Thursday after a short illness from pneumonia. She was a native of Scotland, but had lived in Newport for more than sixty years, her late husband being prominent in business and church circles. She is survived by two sons, Mr. James McAdam of this city, and Dr. John S. McAdam of Arlington, N. J.

Methodist Elections.

The two local Methodist Episcopal Churches have held their fourth quarterly conferences this week, and Rev. Marvin S. Bucking, pastor of the Thames Street Church announced that he would ask for another assignment for the next year. Rev. W. I. Ward was unanimously requested to return to the First Church.

The officers elected are as follows:

FIRST M. E. CHURCH.
Trustees—J. W. Horton, T. T. Pittman, R. C. Bacheller, E. O. Riggs, John A. Hazen, John P. Peckham, T. Fred Kauff, R. S. Burlingame, Ralph F. Rhodes.
Stewards—J. E. Thurston, Frederick Weir, J. J. Norton, A. W. Chase, G. H. Young, J. P. Peckham, E. O. Andrews, George B. Popple, C. H. Tabor, John Thompson, John A. Young, M. B. Olsen, George M. Simpson, Clarence Stanhope, Arnold H. Jones, William Loftus, James Simpson, Montague Havatt, Geoffrey King, Charles A. Jones, Frank A. Sharwell.
Recording Steward and Treasurer—John P. Peckham.
Assistant Treasurer—E. O. Riggs.
District Steward—J. J. Norton.
Reserve District Steward—B. F. Thurston.
Communion Steward—A. H. Jones.
Delegates to Laymen's Association—B. F. Thurston, T. Fred Kauff.
Reserve—Frederick Weir, Geoffrey King.

THAMES STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Trustees—H. Howard Barker, Harry A. Tullis, Howard P. Norton, William J. T. Northrup, Egbert R. Langworthy, James G. Allen, Charles H. Stoddard, William W. Taylor.
Stewards—Seth Seaburne, John B. Mason, Charles H. Seattle, Joshua B. Bacheller, Mrs. Charles S. Goddard, Henry L. Matland, Miss Bessie E. Stanhope, Mrs. Phoebe E. Bailey, Thomas S. Bowler, Charles S. Goddard, Harry C. Knell, Charles D. Martin, Franklin A. Manuel, George D. Perrent, S. J. Crawford, Edward Stoker, Randall Atwater, Mrs. James G. Allen, Mrs. James J. Barker, Miss Anne Peckham, Charles H. Stoddard, District Steward—Joshua B. Bacheller.
Reserve District Steward—Mrs. Charles S. Goddard.
Communion Steward—Henry L. Matland.
Treasurer of Benevolences—Miss Bessie E. Stanhope.
Recording Steward—Passed.
Delegates to Laymen's Association—Howard P. Norton, Mrs. Laura Barker.
Reserve—Frow B. Garnett, Mrs. Charles S. Goddard.

The Farm Bureau.

The first lesson of the series of garden lessons being held at the Y. M. C. A. in co-operation with the Farm Bureau was held Monday night. Even in spite of the terrible cold, about fifteen men and women interested in gardens were there. The topic of the evening was "Preparation of the Garden." An explanation of the fundamental principles in preparation was given by the County Agent, and after that, a general discussion was held, many taking part. The next meeting will be Monday night at eight o'clock, and Professor F. J. Godin of the State College will speak of "Fertility and Fertilizers for the Garden." Beginning Monday evening, February 11th, at five o'clock, a boys' class in gardening is to be held at the Y. M. C. A.

Because of the Home Economics week at Kingston this week, Miss Hoxsie's class in Food Demonstration did not meet this week, but will next week on Wednesday at the usual hour at 2:30.

The milk distributing plant of the Aquidneck Dairymen's Association, Inc., is now progressing rapidly, and most of the equipment has already arrived so that the plant will soon be in working order.

At the Farmers' Week held in Providence this week perhaps the two things that were emphasized most were co-operation and farm accounts. The points brought out were that the ordinary individual farmer can not make a living for long without co-operating, and that he does not know where he stands until he keeps accounts and finds out; and just so long as he does not keep accounts, all other business men will take advantage of him.

The sale of Nitrate of Soda in this State amounted to about 75 tons. This county ordered about seventeen tons. It is hoped that all this amount will be allotted. The Commission of Agricultural Inquiry has asked for an allotment of 100 tons for the state; the additional twenty-five tons over what has been ordered will be given out to the farmers who want it but have not ordered as yet. While there is nothing certain about getting this extra Nitrate of Soda, it might be well for the farmers of this county who have not ordered any Nitrate of Soda to place an order now with the Farm Bureau.

General William Ennis has leased the Angier cottage on Cottage street pending repairs to his house on Kay street. It is expected that this will take several months.

Mr. Simon Newton of Detroit is visiting his sister, Mrs. Robert M. Holland, 25 Farewell street.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our Middletown Correspondent.)

The young people of Aquidneck Grange gave a large attended dance last week at the town hall for the benefit of the instrument fund. An orchestra is to be formed and the Grange, at its last meeting, voted to pay half the cost of the two drums needed which will be in the neighborhood of \$40.00. The remaining sum will be raised by the dance last week and this week, a second having been held on February 7th. The remainder of the instruments will be furnished by those who will belong to the orchestra. Owing to an unavoidable postponement but \$11.45 was realized at the first dance despite the large number present. Mr. Russell Morgan Peckham had charge of the first affair and Mr. Charles Sherman, the second, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard K. Sherman, of Taunton, Mass., (Miss Gladys E. P. Grinnell of Middletown) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on January 21st. Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell of Middletown, is spending the week with her daughter.

Notwithstanding the storm Sunday morning a large congregation filled the Berkeley Memorial Chapel to witness the presentation and dedication of two memorial gifts. One, the American flag, will be permanently in the church; the other, the processional cross, is first, a gift to St. George's School, although the intentions were that it will be used both at the School and the Chapel.

The flag is a handsome silk banner, gold fringed, and with long gold cords and tassels depending from the spread eagle which surmounts the staff. The present processional cross is but for temporary use and will be replaced, by summer, with a more elaborate one of handomely designed metal. The one carried on Sunday was of dark wood and of absolute simplicity. The service of dedication was conducted by the rector, Rev. I. Harding Hughes, assisted by Rev. Arthur N. Peabody.

The flag is the gift of Miss Helen Ellis, a summer resident, in memory of her father, who was a member of the school. The cross one of the students who lost his life in the service, and is to commemorate not only those who have died but who may die in the service.

The Oliphant Club is spending every alternate Wednesday with Holy Cross Guild at the Guild House in an all day meeting on Red Cross work. The regular meetings of the club are held once in two weeks. Mrs. William Hamilton entertained the members of her winter home in Newport last Friday, and next week Friday Miss Charlotte A. Chase will act as hostess.

"The Red Cross Market-basket" of Newport visited the Paradise Club this week at its regular meeting held on Wednesday with Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham. Quite a number of articles were added to the basket and a good number were sold, the plan being to purchase an article and also to donate another. The traveler will next visit St. Columba's Guild on Friday at the home of Mrs. Nathan Smith. It was also present at the meeting of the myriad draughts committee on Thursday evening. The Paradise Club will be entertained at "A Valentine Social" next week at the home of Mrs. Emmie Blair Le Valley. Mrs. James Openshaw will be in charge of the program.

The fourth and closing conference of the year was held Wednesday evening at the parlors of the M. E. Church with the district superintendent, Rev. J. Francis Cooper, D. D., in charge. The following trustees were elected: Charles Peckham, Milford F. Smith, Ashton C. Barker, Allen P. Barker, James H. Barker, James T. Peckham, Arthur W. Chase, Fred P. Webber, William L. Brown, Stewards: Allen P. Barker, recording, William J. Peckham, district, John H. Peckham, William L. Brown, Charles Peckham, Nathan L. Brown, Mrs. A. A. Brown, Miss Ellen E. Smith, Mrs. Lydia B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Chase, Mrs. Ida M. Brown, Mrs. A. Herbert Ward, Fred P. Webber, Sarah E. Peckham, Miss Sarah J. Peckham, Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham, Edward E. Peckham, George H. Irish, Miss Hattie E. Brown and Mr. Rowland T. Fry.

Mr. William L. Brown was appointed a reserve district steward, and assistant recording steward and tryer of appeals, and Miss Ellen E. Smith Communion Steward. The pastor and the various committees gave their annual reports showing the church to be in a flourishing condition and free from debt. The following delegates and reserves were appointed to attend the Laymen's Association, April 12: William L. Brown and William J. Peckham; alternates, James H. Barker and Fred P. Webber. The pastor was extended a unanimous call to continue his pastorate here for the second year. Dr. Cooper, who was guest at the parsonage, will be the afternoon preacher Sunday at this church.

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange to be held on Thursday next at the town hall the Portsmouth degree team will confer the third and fourth degrees in full form upon a class of six candidates, which will include Rev. George W. Manning of the M. E. Church. A musical will follow the initiation.

Lent begins next week on Ash Wednesday. Easter falls this year on March 31st. During Lent the usual services will be held by the Episcopal churches as far as the heating conditions will permit.

Mrs. Rodgeria F. Hunter, who died in Providence this week, was the widow of George M. Hunter who formerly lived in this city, being employed for a time as clerk in the pharmacy of the late James H. Taylor. The remains were brought to this city for interment.

Long Live The King

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—The crown prince of Livonia, Ferdinand William Otto, ten years old, taken by his aunt to the opera, threatened the singing and slips away to the park and makes the acquaintance of Bobby Thorpe, a little American boy.

CHAPTER II—Returning to the palace at night the crown prince finds everything in an uproar as a result of the search for him. The chancellor impresses on the old king, the boy's grandfather, who is very ill, the need for better protection of the crown prince and suggests that the friendship of the neighboring king of Kurnia be cemented by giving the Princess Hedwig in marriage to him. The old king finally agrees.

CHAPTER III—Hedwig herself, who loves Nikky Larisch, Otto's old camp, and Larisch are upset by the king's decision.

CHAPTER IV—Countess Loeschke, lady in waiting to Annunciate, in love with Karl of Kurnia, is jealous of Hedwig. She plots to start a revolt in Livonia by sending a code letter to Karl telling him of conditions in the country. Peter Niburg, who was to deliver the message, is betrayed by a fellow clerk, Herman Epler.

CHAPTER V—Niburg is robbed of the message, and a dummy letter substituted. Captain Larisch, unaware of the substitution, holds up Karl's chauffeur and secures the envelope.

The chancellor changed his tactics by changing the subject. "I was wondering this morning, as I crossed the park, if you would enjoy an excursion soon. Could it be managed, Miss Brathwaite?"

"I dare say," said Miss Brathwaite dryly. "Although I must say, if there is no improvement in punctuation and capital letters—"

"What sort of excursion?" asked his royal highness, guardedly. He did not care for picture galleries.

"Out-of-doors, to see something interesting. A real excursion, up the river."

"To the fort? I do want to see the new fort."

As a matter of truth, the chancellor had not thought of the fort. But like many another before him, he accepted the suggestion and made it his own.

"To the fort, of course," said he. "And take luncheon along, and eat it there, and have Hedwig and Nikky? And see the guns?"

But this was going too fast. Nikky, of course, would go, and if the princess cared to, she too. But luncheon! It was necessary to remind the crown prince that the officers at the fort would expect to have him join their mess. There was a short parley over this, and it was finally settled that the officers should serve luncheon, but that there should be no speeches.

"Then that's settled," he said at last. "I'm very happy. This morning I shall apologize to M. Parnis."

During the remainder of the morning the crown prince made various excursions to the window to see if the weather was brightening. Also he asked, during his half hour's intermission, for the great box of lead soldiers that was locked away in the cabinet.

"I shall pretend that the desk is a fort," Miss Brathwaite said. "Do you mind being the enemy, and pretending to be shot now and then?"

But Miss Brathwaite was correcting papers. She was willing to be a passive enemy and be patted at, but she drew the line at falling over. Prince Ferdinand William Otto did not persist. He was far too polite. But he wished in all his soul that Nikky would come. Nikky, he felt, would die often and hard.

But Nikky did not come. At twelve o'clock, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, clad in his riding garments of tweed knickers, puttees, and a belted jacket, stood by the school room window and looked out. The fender windows of his suite faced the court yard, but the schoolroom opened over the place—a bad arrangement surely, seeing what distractions to lessons may take place in a public square, what pigeons feeding in the sun, what bands with drums and drum majors, what children flying kites.

"I don't understand it," the crown prince said plaintively. "He is generally very punctual. Perhaps—"

But he finally refused to finish the sentence. The "perhaps" was a grievous thought, nothing less than that Nikky and Hedwig were at that moment riding to the ring together, and had both forgotten him.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto consulted his watch. It was of gold, and on the inside was engraved:

"To Ferdinand William Otto from his grandfather, on the occasion of his taking his first communion."

"It's getting rather late," he observed.

Miss Brathwaite looked troubled. "No doubt something has detained him," she said, with unusual gentleness. "You might work at the frame for your Cousin Hedwig. Then, if Captain Larisch comes, you can still have a part of your lesson."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto brightened. The burnt wood photograph frame for Hedwig was his delight. And yesterday, as a punishment for the escape of the day before, it had been put away with an alarming air of finality.

The pyrography outfit was produced, and for fifteen minutes Prince Ferdinand William Otto labored, his head on one side, his royal tongue slightly protruded. But, above the thin blue smoke of burning, his face remained wistful. He was afraid, terribly afraid, that he had been forgotten again.

"I hope Nikky is not ill," he said once. "He smoked a great many cigarettes."

He says he knows they are bad for him.

"Certainly they are bad for him," said Miss Brathwaite. "They contain nicotine, which is a violent poison. A drop of nicotine on the tongue of a dog will kill it."

The reference was unfortunate. "I wish I might have a dog," observed Prince Ferdinand William Otto. Fortunately, at that moment, Hedwig came in. She came in a trifle defiantly, although that passed unnoticed, as was her cousinly privilege. And she stood inside the door and stared at the prince. "Well!" she said. "Is there to be no riding lesson today?"

"I don't know. Nikky has not come."

"Where is he?"

Here the drop of nicotine got in its deadly work. "I'm afraid he is ill," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto. "He said he smoked too many cigarettes, and—"

"Is Captain Larisch ill?" Hedwig looked at the governess, and lost some of her bright color.

Miss Brathwaite did not know, and said so. "At the very least," she went on, "he should have sent some word. I do not know what things are coming to. Since his majesty's illness, no one seems to have any responsibility, or to take any."

"But of course he would have sent word," said Hedwig, frowning. "I don't understand it. He has never been so late before. Has he?"

"He has never been late at all," Prince Ferdinand William Otto spoke up quickly.

After a time Hedwig went away, and the crown prince took off his riding clothes. He ate a very small luncheon, swallowing mostly a glass of milk and a lump in his throat. And afterward he worked at the frame, for an hour, shading the hearts carefully. At three o'clock he went for his drive.

The horses moved sedately. Beppo looked severe and haughty. A strange man, in the place of Hans, beside Beppo, watched the crowd with keen and vigilant eyes. On the box between them, under his hand, the new footman had placed a revolver. Beppo sat as far away from it as he dared. The crowd lined up, and smiled and cheered. And Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat very straight, and howed right and left, smiling.

Old Adelbert, flapping across the park to the opera, paused and looked. Then he shook his head. The country was indeed come to a strange pass, with a young boy and the feeble old man, and between it and the things of which men whispered behind their hands. He went on, with his head down.

As they drew near the end of the park, where the land of desire towered, Prince Ferdinand William Otto searched it with eager eyes. How wonderful it was! How steep and high, and alluring! He glanced sideways at Miss Brathwaite, but it was clear that to her it was only a monstrous heap of sheet iron and steel, adorned with dejected greenery that had manifestly been out too soon in the chill air of very early spring.

A wonderful possibility presented itself. "If I see Bobby," he asked, "may I stop the carriage and speak to him?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, may I call to him?"

"Think it over," suggested Miss Brathwaite. "Would your grandfather like to know that you had done anything so undignified?"

He turned to her a rather desperate pair of eyes. "But I could explain to him," he said. "I was in such a hurry when I left, that I'm afraid I forgot to thank him. I ought to thank him, really. He was very polite to me."

Miss Brathwaite sat still in her seat and said nothing. Just then. But later on something occurred to her. "You must remember, Otto," she said, "that this—this American child dislikes kings, and our sort of government. It is possible, isn't it, that he would resent your being of the ruling family? Why not let things be as they are?"

"We were very friendly," said Ferdinand William Otto in a small voice. "I don't think it would make any difference."

But the seed was sown in the fertile ground of his young mind, to bear quick fruit.

It was the crown prince who saw Bobby first. He was standing on a bench, peering over the shoulders of the crowd. Prince Ferdinand William Otto saw him, and bent forward. "There he is!" he said, in a tense tone. "There on the—"

"Sit up straight," commanded Miss Brathwaite.

"May I just wave once? I—"

"Otto!" said Miss Brathwaite, in a terrible voice.

But a dreadful thing was happening. Bobby was looking directly at him, and making no sign. His mouth was a trifle open, but that was all. Otto had a momentary glimpse of him, of the small cap set far back, of the white sweater, of two coolly critical eyes. Then the crowd closed up, and the carriage moved on.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat back in his seat, very pale. Clearly Bobby had forgotten him. First Nikky had forgotten him, and now the American boy had learned his unfortunate position as one of the detested

tone, and would have none of him. "You see," said Miss Brathwaite, with an air of relief, "he did not know you."

Upon the box the man beside Beppo kept his hand on the revolver. The carriage turned back toward the palace.

Late that afternoon the chancellor had a visitor. Old Mathilde, his servant and housekeeper, showed some curiosity but little excitement over it. She was, in fact, faintly resentful. The chancellor had eaten little all day, and now, when she had an omelet

rope, which were very well done, indeed, and having gazed the chauffeur securely, Nikky prepared to go. In his goggles, with the low-visor cap and fur coat, he looked not unlike his late companion. But he had a jaunty step as he walked toward the car, a bit of swagger that covered, perhaps, just a trifle of uneasiness.

For Nikky now knew his destination, knew that he was bound on perilous work, and that the chances of his returning were about fifty-fifty, or rather less.

He did not know his way. Over the mountains it was plain enough, for there was but one road. After he descended into the plain of Kurnia, however, it became difficult. Sign posts were few and not explicit. But at last he found the railroad, which he knew well—that railroad without objective, save as it would serve to move troops toward the border. After that Nikky found it easier.

But, with his course assured, other difficulties presented themselves. To take the letter to those who would receive it was one thing. But to deliver it, with all that it might contain, was another. He was not brilliant, was Nikky. Only brave and simple of heart, and unversed in the ways of darkness.

If, now, he could open the letter and remove it, substituting—well, what could he substitute? There were cigarette papers in his pocket. Trust Nikky for that. But how to make the exchange?

The engine was boiling hard, a dull roaring under the hood that threatened trouble. He drew up beside the road and took off the water cap. Then he whistled. Why, of course! Had it not been from him, from him, from him, no?

What of letters? He examined the box no incriminating seal.

He bent the envelope over the water cap, and was boyishly pleased to feel the cap loosen. After all, things were easy enough if one used one's brains. He rather regretted using almost all of his cigarette papers, of course. He had, perhaps, never heard of the drop of nicotine on the tongue of a dog.

As for the letter itself, he put it, without even glancing at it, into his cap, under the lining. Then he sealed the envelope again and dried it against one of the lamps. It looked, he reflected, as good as new.

He was extremely pleased with himself. Before he returned to the machine he consulted his watch. It was three o'clock. True, the long early spring night gave him four more hours of darkness. But the messenger was due at three, at the hunting lodge in the mountains which was his destination. He would be, at the best, late by an hour.

On what the messenger had told him Nikky hung his hope of success. This was, briefly, that he should go to the royal shooting box at Weddell, and should go, not to the house itself, but to the gate keeper's lodge. Here he was to leave his machine, and tap at the door. On its being opened, he was to say nothing, but to give the letter to him who opened the door. After that he was to take the machine away to the capital, some sixty miles further on.

The message, then, was to the king himself. For Nikky, as all the world knew that Karl, with some kindred spirits, was at Weddell, shooting. That is, if the messenger told the truth. Nikky intended to find out. He was nothing if not thorough.

When at last the lights of the lodge at the gate of Weddell gleamed out through the trees, it was half-past three, and a wet spring snow was falling softly. In an open place Nikky looked up. The stars were gone.

The lodge now, and the gate keeper's house. Nikky's heart hammered as he left the car—hammered with nervousness, not terror. But he went boldly to the door, and knocked.

So far all was well. There were footsteps within, and a man stepped out into the darkness, closing the door behind him.

"You have the letter?" he asked. "It is here."

"I will take it."

Nikky held it out. The man fumbled for it took it.

"Orders have come," said the voice, "that you remain here for the night. In the morning you are to carry dispatches to the city."

Poor Nikky! With his car facing toward the lodge, and under necessity, in order to escape, to back it out into the highway! He thought quickly. There was no chance of overpowering his man quickly and silently. And the house was not empty. From beyond the door came the sounds of men's voices, and the thud of drinking mugs on a bare table.

"You will take me up to the house, and then put the car away until morning."

Nikky breathed again. It was going to be easy, after all. If only the road went straight to the shooting box itself, the rest was simple. But he prayed that he make no false turn, to betray his ignorance.

"Very well," he said. His companion opened the door behind him. "Ready, now," he called. "The car is here."

Two men rose from a table where they had been sitting, and put on great coats of fur. The lamp light within quivered in the wind from the open door. Nikky was quite calm now. His heart beat its regular seventy-two, and he even reflected, with a sort of grim humor, that the chancellor would find the recital of this escapade much to his taste. In a modest way Nikky felt that he was making history.

The man who had received the letter got into the machine beside him. The other two climbed into the tonneau. And, as if to make the denouement doubly ridiculous, the road led straight. Nikky, growing extremely cheerful behind his goggles, wondered how much petrol remained in the car.

The men behind talked in low tones. "They are like tonight," remarked one of them, as the house appeared.

"It is cold, my friend," he said briefly; "but I am a kindly soul, and if you have told me the truth, you will not have so much as a saffron to remind you of this tomorrow."

"I have told the truth."

"As a soldier, of course," Nikky went on. "I think you have made a mistake. You should have chosen the preface. But as a private gentleman, I thank you."

Having examined the knots in the

First of all, he exchanged garments with the chauffeur, and cursed his own long legs, which proved difficult to cover adequately. But the chauffeur's long fur ulster helped considerably. The exchange was rather a ticklish matter, and would have been more so had he not found a revolver in the fur coat pocket.

Behold, then, Nikky of the brave heart standing over his prostrate prisoner, and rolling him, mummy fashion, in his own tunic and a rug from the machine.

"It is cold, my friend," he said briefly; "but I am a kindly soul, and if you have told me the truth, you will not have so much as a saffron to remind you of this tomorrow."

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His Majesty Desires That the Messenger Come In

was lighted. "A tardy start tomorrow again!"

"The king must have his sleep," commented the other, rather mockingly.

With a masterly sweep, Nikky drew up his machine before the entrance. Let them once alight, let him but start his car down the road again, and all the devils of the night might follow. He feared nothing.

But here again Nikky planned too fast. The servant who came out to open the doors of the motor had brought a message. "His majesty desires that the messenger come in," was the bomb-shell which exploded in Nikky's ears.

Nikky hesitated. And then some imp of recklessness in him prompted him not to run away, but to see the thing through. It was, after all, a chance either way. These men beside the car were doubtless armed—one at least, nearest Nikky, was certainly one of Karl's own secret agents. And, as Nikky paused, he was not certain, but it seemed to him that the man took a step toward him.

"Very well," said Nikky, grumbling. "But I have had a long ride, and a cold one. I need sleep."

Even then he had a faint hope that the others would precede him, and that it would be possible to leap back to the car, and escape. But, whether by accident or design, the group closed about him. Flight was out of the question.

A little high was Nikky's head as he went in. He had done a stupid thing now, and he knew it. He should have taken his letter and gone back with it. But, fool or not, he was a soldier. Danger made him calm.

The lodge was noisy. Loud talking, the coming and going of servants with trays, the crackle of wood fires to which whole logs were burning, and, as Nikky and his escort entered, the roaring chorus of a hunting song filled the ears.

Two of the men flung off their heavy coats, and proceeded without ceremony into the room whence the sounds issued. The third, however, still holding the letter, ushered Nikky into a small side room, a sort of study, since it contained a desk. For kings must pursue their clerical occupations even on holidays.

Nikky had reluctantly removed his cap. His goggles, however, he ventured to retain. He was conscious that his guide was studying him intently. But not with suspicion, he thought. Rather as one who would gauge the caliber of the man before him. He seemed satisfied, too, for his voice, which had been curt, grew more friendly.

"You had no trouble?" he asked. "Name, sir."

"Did Niburg say anything?"

Niburg, then, was the spy of the cathedral Nikky reflected. Suddenly he saw a way out. It was, he afterward proclaimed, not his own thought. It came to him like a message. He burned a candle to his patron saint, some time later, for it.

"The man Niburg had had an unfortunate experience, sir. He reported that, during an evening stroll, before he met me, he was attacked by three men, with the evident intention of securing the letter. He was badly beaten up."

His companion started. "Niburg," he said. "Then—" He glanced at the letter he held. "We must find some one else," he muttered. "I never trusted the fellow. A clerk, nothing else. For this work it takes wit."

Nikky, sweating with strain, felt that it did, indeed. "He was badly used up, sir," he offered. "Could hardly walk, and was still trembling with excitement when I met him."

The man touched a bell. "Tell his majesty," he said to the servant who appeared, "that his messenger is here."

The servant bowed and withdrew. Nikky found the wait that followed trying. He thought of Hedwig, and of the little crown prince. Suddenly he knew that he had no right to attempt this thing. He had given his word, almost his oath, to the king, to protect and watch over the boy. And here he was, knowing now that mischief was afoot, and powerless. He cursed himself for his folly.

Then Karl came in. He came alone, closing the door behind him. Nikky

...and
... ..
... ..
... ..

LIST OF MISSING MUCH REDUCED

Those Lost on Tuscania Main-
ly Members of Crew

U-BOAT SENT TO BOTTOM

Destroyer Reported to Have "Done
It" Submarine That Sank Trans-
port—American Gang National Air-
port—They Awaited Their Turn in
Lifeboats—Small Loss of Life At-
tributed to Lack of Confusion and
Fact That Vessel Remained Afloat
Two Hours in Calm Sea

Washington, Feb. 8.—Latest official
advice to the war department
accounted for all except 111 of the
2150 American soldiers who were on
board the British liner Tuscania when
a submarine sent her down Tuesday
night off the Irish coast.

This figure was not final and high
hopes that the loss of life would
prove much smaller were built upon
cited press dispatches saying just
101 men, most of them members of
the crew, were missing among the
entire force of soldiers, sailors and
passengers.

No attempt was made to prepare
a list of the lost or missing. Only a
few names of survivors had been re-
ceived. The rescued were hailed at
widely separated Irish and Scotch
ports, and while all reports told of
elaborate arrangements for their care
and comfort, urgent instructions to
representatives of the war, state and
navy departments to fill details of
the disaster and a complete record
of the vessel he sent at the earliest
possible moment had brought but
meagre responses.

High praise is given by war and
navy officials here to the immediate
and effective work done by the British
warships conveying the troops.
By others of the big conveyance of
which it was a part, and by the British
patrol ships, which hurried from
every portion of the nearby U-boat
zone to the assistance of the sinking
craft and her human freight.

Swift retaliation came in the sub-
marine which fired the fatal shot, ac-
cording to information given by an
American officer who was among the
last to leave the Tuscania, being taken
up by one of the British destroyers.

As the second torpedo sped by the
stern of the liner, he says, the course
was spotted by a fast British destroy-
er, which immediately dashed off in
pursuit. On its return a report was
made which indicated that by the use
of depth bombs the U-boat had, in
the expressive slang of the sub hunt-
er, been "done in."

Virtually no story of the sinking of
the Tuscania has reached the govern-
ment through official channels.
Dispatches from the embassy at Lon-
don and other sources so far have
been confined to terse statements and
announcements of the number saved.

Press accounts consequently have
been received with more than ordi-
nary interest by everyone. Army of-
ficers are proud of the way the troops
behaved, and point to the story of
how the partially trained boys lined
up on deck singing national airs to
await their turn in the boats as evi-
dence of what may be expected of
American soldiers.

To this absence of confusion and
the fact that the vessel remained
afloat for about two hours in a calm
sea is attributed the small loss of
life. The Tuscania was a part of a
large convoy, and immediately the
relief was at hand.

On board the liner were engineers,
military police and replacement de-
tachments composed of former Mich-
igan and Wisconsin national guards-
men and three aero squadrons, one of
which was recruited almost entirely
in and around New York city. Mem-
bers of the other two squadrons came
from nearly every section of the
country.

Since America entered the world
war, with the almost constant moving
of troops from the United States to
foreign shores, this is the first of
the transports to become a mark for
the German U-boats. In fact, the
Tuscania is the first transport to be
lost while carrying soldiers from the
western world. Canada's thousands
upon thousands of men having been
taken across in safety.

The Tuscania was bound to the
United States for transport duty,
after this nation entered the war,
and was manned by British sailors,
with a British gun crew and con-
veyed by British warships.

The liner, following the Anchor
line's regular route to England, had
rounded the northern end of Ireland
and was passing through the narrow-
est portion of the North channel, be-
tween Ireland and Scotland, a point
so narrow that on a clear day one
may see from land to land.

The Tuscania was the newest and
largest of the Anchor line fleet. She
was launched in September, 1914.

She plied between English and
American ports for some months,
escaping time and time again the
German submarines, and then when
America entered the war was placed
in service as a troop transport.

Because of her size and construc-
tion, she was particularly adaptable
for troop carrying. There were ac-
commodations for 2500 passengers.

Ayer Votes No License

Ayer, Mass., Feb. 8.—The citizens
of this town, which holds the inter-
est of New England by its proximity
to Camp Devens, voted at the annual
town meeting to have no liquor licenses.
The vote was 378 "no" and 11 "yes" and
21 blanks.

ACTIVITY ON WAR FRONTS

Heavy Work by Artillery Reported
in France and Italy

London, Feb. 8.—Operations on
the western front continue to be
marked by heavy artillery exchange
in conjunction with jabbing attacks
on the opposing trenches. Paris re-
ports active counterattacks on the Aisne
and Verdun fronts and in Alsace,
and a half dozen forays of the Ger-
mans were reported in which the en-
emy lost men and material.

According to Berlin, the Germans
captured prisoners in a raid in Flen-
ders and in forested engagements in
Artois, and a French attack in the
Champagne broke down.

Rome reports active activity on
all the Italian front, also that the
allied aircraft renewed their bombard-
ments of Italian towns. The number
of enemy machines brought down by
the allies' attack on the Italian front
from Jan. 20 to Feb. 6, was fifty-six.

As reflecting the chaotic situation
in Russia, a Potomac adviser says
that fighting occurred in the Russian
capital, when who others were
sacked by mobs. The authorities
used armed, cars to oppose the
pillagers, many of whom were killed
or wounded.

LOST BUT ONE BATTLE

Death Suddenly Claims Sullivan,
Grand Old Man of Prize Ring

Boston, Feb. 8.—John L. Sullivan,
former champion heavyweight
prizefighter, and one of the most pre-
sigious and beloved figures in the
annals of the "squared circle," took
the final count at his farm home in
West Abington. Heart disease was
the cause of death. He was 60
years old.

Defeated only by James J. Corbett,
who won the world's championship
from him in the first real fight in the
history in which gloves were used in
a recognized battle of championship
caliber, Sullivan closed on a career of
the ring.

His famous four of the country was
made in 1893 and lasted nine months.
When he finally retired he moved to
a little "garden farm" in Abington.
Sullivan was a Boston product and
always loved the city of his birth.
His wife died a year ago.

GUARANTEE TO RAILROADS

Estimated at \$715,000,000 Annually
or 5.32 Percent

Washington, Feb. 8.—Chairman
Smith of the senate interstate com-
mittee, in reporting the administra-
tion railroad bill favorably to the
senate, estimated that under the
measure's provisions the government
would guarantee annually to the rail-
roads of the country \$715,000,000,
representing a return of 5.32 per-
cent.

"This, he says, "reflects neither po-
verty nor riches," but the committee
believes a majority of the railroads
will accept "these terms as a just
and fair measure of their constitu-
tional rights."

Administration leaders plan to call
the bill up for consideration next
Monday.

DELAYED TO APRIL

McAdoo Announces Postponement of
Third Liberty Loan

Washington, Feb. 8.—Secretary
McAdoo announced the postponement
of the third liberty loan until some
time in April. Simultaneously he
told how a series of certificates of
indebtedness would be used for
finances in the interim.

The reasons for the deferment of
the loan are understood to have been:

Unsettled transportation facilities,
weather conditions which would hin-
der operations in the near future, and
a desire to give smaller banking in-
stitutions an opportunity to aid loan
operations.

RINTELEN CONVICTED

Conspirator and Ten Others Are
Given Maximum Penalty

New York, Feb. 8.—Franz von
Rintelen, German naval officer and
reputed member of the German war
staff, was found guilty with ten
other defendants in federal court
here of conspiracy to destroy food
and munitions ships of the entente
allies by placing "fire bombs" in their
cargoes.

Judge Howe immediately imposed
the maximum penalty of eighteen
months' imprisonment in the federal
penitentiary at Alcatraz and a fine
of \$2000 on each of the prisoners.

Tumulty Not Out For Senate

Washington, Feb. 8.—Secretary
Tumulty declared he was not a can-
didate for appointment as senator
from New Jersey, nor would he be
a candidate at the election in Novem-
ber.

Blue Mondays Hit Train Vendors

Washington, Feb. 7.—Selling of
candy, cigars and cigarettes on pas-
senger trains on featureless Mondays is
a violation of the workless day or-
der, the fuel administration ruled.

New Bread Ration

Washington, Feb. 6.—A two-
ounce bread ration was ordered by
the food administration for patrons
of hotels, restaurants and dining
cars.

Maryland For Prohibition

Annapolis, Md., Feb. 8.—The
Maryland legislature virtually rat-
ified the federal prohibition constitu-
tional amendment by a vote of 58 to
42.

Rockefeller Gives Coal to Poor

Oscar N. Y. Feb. 7.—John D.
Rockefeller gave five tons of coal
sent on his Pocahontas Hills estate
to deserving poor here.

CASH ENTRUSTED TO RED CROSS

Accounted For In Report Issued
by Organization

CRITICISMS ARE ANSWERED

Appropriations For Relief Work

Have Reached \$9,450,727.35 to
Date—Great Variety of Military and
Civilian Accomplishments—Salaries
Paid Out of Membership Dues

Washington, Feb. 6.—What the
American Red Cross has done with
the vast sums of money entrusted to
it by the people of the United States
is stated in detail in a report just
issued by the national headquarters.

To date, \$9,450,727.35 has been ap-
propriated for relief work in this
country and abroad.

For foreign relief \$1,957,704 has
been appropriated as follows: France,
\$30,610,263.49; Belgium, \$1,666,691;
Russia, \$751,800.87; Rou-
mania, \$2,017,899.78; Italy, \$3,110,410;
Serbia, \$871,990.70; Great Brit-
ain, \$1,701,012; other foreign coun-
tries, \$2,630,000; American soldiers
who may be taken prisoner, \$413,927.

The foregoing appropriations are
from the time the United States en-
tered the war until April 30, 1918.
For the United States the Red Cross
has appropriated \$2,612,532.91 and
the reason this sum is not larger is
because the government provides
nearly everything our army and navy
needs, and besides, there is no civil-
ian distress in this country of any
considerable proportions.

The great variety of the military
and civilian relief work being done
by the Red Cross is indicated briefly
in the following list: contents that
afford food, baths and sleeping quar-
ters for men at the front; rest sta-
tions and recreation centers for sol-
diers in transit and at port of arrival
in France; care of destitute children;
furnishing supplies to 4000 hospitals;
treating maimed soldiers new
trauma; reconstruction of villages;
bringing together families of soldiers
scattered by the war; farms for en-
vulnerable soldiers; sutleriums for
tubercular and other patients; food,
clothing, medicine and shelter for
the homeless and destitute; and other
activities too numerous to mention.

It is stated by the national war
committee that all salaries and admin-
istrative expenses are paid out of
membership dues, so that every penny
given to the Red Cross war fund
has been spent for relief. "This an-
swers the rumors that have been cir-
culated about the expenses of opera-
tion."

Out of 255 executives in the four-
teen divisional offices of the Red
Cross in the United States, 59 per-
cent are women. The policy is to
select the most competent person re-
gardless of politics, sex or religion.

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PORT EXAMINER HELD

Third Arrest in Halifax Disaster on
Manilaulter Charge

Halifax, Feb. 8.—The arrest on
Monday of Pilot Frank Mackay and
Capt. Alue Lamodee of the French
military ship *Minotaur*, charged
with manslaughter in connection with
the explosion disaster which resulted
from the collision between that ship
and the Belgian relief ship *Imo*, was
followed by the arrest on the same
charge of Commander Frederick W.
Wyatt, chief examiner of the port
at the time.

Wyatt, since removed from the po-
sition, was censured by the commis-
sion which investigated the disaster,
for neglecting his duty and not keep-
ing himself fully acquainted with the
movements and intended movements
of vessels in the harbor.

TROOPS MAY PARADE

Requests From Cities Near Soldiers'
Camps Will Be Granted

Washington, Feb. 8.—Troops of
the regular, national guard and na-
tional army divisions will be made
available for parades or reviews in
towns or cities near their training
centers to the fullest possible extent
hereafter, under an order issued by
Secretary Baker.

Division and other commanders are
directed to grant requests of this
character from municipal officials
wherever military necessity will per-
mit, but they are cautioned not to
add unnecessary burdens to the rail-
way facilities by taking troops on
railway journeys.

HEATLESS MONDAY STANDS

Cannot Be Abandoned Now Because
of Cold Weather

Washington, Feb. 6.—With the
east facing the most acute coal short-
age of the winter and in the grip of
the coldest weather in a generation,
the government decided that the
heatless Monday program cannot at
this time be abandoned, as had been
hoped.

The decision to continue the clos-
ing was reached at a conference be-
tween Fuel Administrator Garfield
and Director General McAdoo, at-
tended by a dozen state fuel admin-
istrators.

Fall River Mills May Close

Fall River, Mass., Feb. 7.—The
local fuel committee made an inves-
tigation to determine the amount of
coal on hand and announced that in
the event that this showed the short-
age to be near the danger point, all
textile mills would be asked to close
temporarily. Many of the public
schools already have been closed and
others will be shut down.

ALIMONY OF \$210,000

Awarded Show Girl Who Is Divorced
From Millionaire's Son

Putnam, Conn., Feb. 6.—Eleanor
P. Heam, a show girl, was awarded
a divorce decree from Louis Marshall
Heam of this city and Worcester. By
agreement between counsel for both
parties the court set the alimony to
be paid at \$210,000. Her husband
inherited \$8,000,000 from the estate
of his father, the late Norman B.
Heam.

The married life of the young cou-
ple was brief and interesting. They
met on July 30, 1911, danced and
enjoyed marriage until 2 in the morn-
ing. The next day they met and re-
presented the performance. On the fol-
lowing day they made a hurried trip
to Hoboken, N. J., where a justice
of the peace performed a marriage
ceremony.

At the time Heam was a junior at
Yale. According to the girl, their
married life lasted five days
when Heam deserted her. Broadway
gossiped that the older Heam opposed
the marriage and threatened his son
with all sorts of dire happenings un-
less it were broken up at once.

CONDITION IS SERIOUS

Case of Col. Roosevelt Has Taken
an Unfavorable Turn

New York, Feb. 8.—Theodore
Roosevelt's condition, following oper-
ations performed on him in Roosevelt
hospital, was described authorita-
tively as "serious but not critical."

His case took an unfavorable turn
yesterday, due to an infection of the
left internal ear. Minor operations
were performed on both ears
Wednesday because of subsidiary ab-
cesses in them, but at that time no
alleviation of the thigh was believed to
be his worst ailment.

The fear of a group of specialists
attending Roosevelt is that the inner
ear infection may spread to the men-
tal process and thus necessitate a
second major operation.

A slight improvement has been not-
ed, and there is hope that this may
be avoided.

CALL FOR FINAL QUOTA

New Order to Rush Examinations Be-
ginning Feb. 15

Boston, Feb. 8.—The induction of
the deferred 15 percent quota of the
first draft, which was ordered to be-
gin on Feb. 23, has been changed, so
far as the Massachusetts contingent
is concerned, to Feb. 15 by orders
received from Washington.

In this connection, the orders im-
posed by local and district draft
boards to stop examining men in class
1, pending the receipt of new phys-
ical examination regulations, were
countermanded by telegram from
Gen. Crowder, directing to proceed
with the utmost expedition in the ex-
amination of men, so that a sufficient
number to fill the deferred quota be
obtained. The urgency of filling this
quota immediately was emphasized.

Goon Lee Acquitted

Boston, Feb. 8.—Goon Lee, a
hundredman, was discharged in court
after Murray had heard the witness-
es, who charged Lee with the murder
of Chiu Hing, his cousin. No prob-
able cause was found by the court.

Bar on Many Paris Cafes

Paris, Feb. 8.—The American
protest marshal ordered posted a list
of ninety-eight restaurants, cafes
and bars which are declared to be
"out of bounds." Officers and sol-
diers are forbidden to enter these
places under penalty of being
brought to trial on charges.

American Steamer Torpedoed

New York, Feb. 8.—Word of the
loss of the American steamship *Ala-
bama* and the resultant loss of six
lives was received here. The *Ala-
bama* was torpedoed Wednesday off
the Irish coast. There were no
Americans lost.

Margaret Stuart, 8, was burned to
death at Boston when a lighted can-
dle set fire to her dress.

Dr. Homer A. Bushnell, arraigned
at North Adams, Mass., on two
charges of illegal surgery, was held
in \$10,000 bail.

The plant of the International Pa-
per company, Rumford, Me., em-
ploying 800 men, is unable to op-
erate because of failure to receive a
supply of crude oil used as fuel.

CUTICURA HEALS THE SKIN

"My face and neck were covered with
small water blisters. The skin was
very sore and inflamed, and later a
crust formed on my face and neck.
The itching and burning were so in-
tense that I scratched and I could not
sleep. The breaking out later devel-
oped into large sore eruptions, and
my face was so disfigured for the time being
that I could only see the members of
my family."

"I used — Balm, and —
Salve, but without success. The
trouble lasted five weeks before using
Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I got
relief in about a week, and I used two
cans of Cuticura Soap and two boxes
of Cuticura Ointment when I was
healed." (Signed) Mrs. F. H. Corson,
Box 12, Lochmere, N. H., July 16, '17.
Make your skin beautiful by using
Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet, and
Cuticura Ointment for first signs of
pimples, redness, itching, etc.

Sample bottles of Cuticura Soap and
Ointment sent free to those who
enclose this advertisement and a
recent photograph of the face and
neck.

HELP TAKE THE GERM OUT OF GERMANY

A Thrift Stamp a Day Puts the Kaiser Away.

YOU are cordially invited to come here to pre-
cise Thrift Stamps.
We are out to win the War so the World shall be
a safe place in which to live.
Buy a Thrift Stamp as often as you are able.
Stick them on a Thrift Card. When your Thrift
Card is filled, exchange it for a War Saving Stamp,
paying 4 per cent.

Savings Bank of Newport

No. 195
REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, to the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on December 31, 1917.

ASSETS		
Capital and Surplus	\$200,000.00	
Reserves	100,000.00	
Deposits	1,000,000.00	
Loans	500,000.00	
Real Estate	100,000.00	
Other Assets	100,000.00	
Total	2,000,000.00	
LIABILITIES		
Capital and Surplus	\$200,000.00	
Reserves	100,000.00	
Deposits	1,000,000.00	
Loans	500,000.00	
Real Estate	100,000.00	
Other Assets	100,000.00	
Total	2,000,000.00	

Attest: *Frederick H. Coggeshall*, President.
William H. Langley, Secretary.
William H. Harvey, Treasurer.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Newport, R. I., August 17, 1917.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Trust
Company held August 17, 1917, the following directors were elected
for the ensuing year:

R. Livingston Beekman
Edward J. Borwick
Charles A. Brackett
H. Martin Brown
Clark Burdick
Samuel P. Colt
Charles D. Easton
Henry F. Eldridge
Olin Everett
Frederick P. Garrettsen
Lawrence L. Gillespie
Ernest Howe

Peter King
William MacLeod
Frank C. Nichols
Thomas P. Peckham
T. I. Haro Powell
Andrew K. Quinn
Edward A. Sherman
James Sullivan
Joramiah K. Sullivan
Henry A. C. Taylor
Charles Tiedahl

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held August 17, 1917, the
following officers were elected for the ensuing year:
President—Thomas P. Peckham
Vice President—Clark Burdick
Treasurer and Secretary—Edward A. Sherman
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Secretary.

NOTICE

Consumers are warned
to conserve water. Prem-
ises where fixtures are
run to prevent freezing
will be shut off without
further notice.

If there is danger of
your pipe or fixtures freez-
ing shut your stop and
waste cock at the cellar
wall.

NEWPORT WATER WORKS

January 3, 1918.

Newport & Providence
Street Ry Co.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1917

Cars Leave Washington
Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS 7.40, 8.50 a. m., then
each hour to 5.50 p. m.

SUNDAYS 8.50 a. m., then each
hour to 7.50 p. m.

Commonwealth Hotel
(Incorporated)

Opposite State House, BOSTON, MASS.

Oldest Fan in the World.

A museum in Cairo, Egypt, has the
oldest fan in the world, this dating
from the seventeenth century B. C.

The Extinct Billy Goat.

Strange is the march of time. The
Billy and Nanny goat were once a
dominating feature in every American
community. A snapshot could not have
been taken without a goat somewhere
in the picture, but the goat was not
deemed a fit insect to hobnob in well
society. Its product might be admitted
across the threshold of the rich, but
not its savory self. The highest stand-
ard the goat has ever attained is the
mansuetude of a volunteer fire com-
pany, or a similar office in the U. S.
navy, which was practically the low-
est rank of any living thing abroad.
In his palmy days wild posters were
often seen of him in the act of jug-
gling with a glass of fresh hock, and
now the American Billy goat is doomed
to pass down the line of has-beens.—
Exchange.

Transplanting Plants.



The Comforter

A Story of President Lincoln
Founded on Fact

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the great struggle between the Northern and Southern states came on Allan Fitz Hugh, twelve years old, was at school in Virginia. He was a boy of delicate physique, but was full of fire, and, hearing that Abraham Lincoln was coming southward at the head of an armed force, was much troubled because he was too young to shoulder a musket and repel the invader. He found it difficult during those exciting times to attend to his studies, and had it not been for the influence of his mother, whom he dearly loved, he could not have been kept at school at all.

In those days the passion attending war ran high on both sides. The songs, the glories, the speeches and what was written concerning the great struggle were very bitter and usually far from the truth. In the North it was "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and in the South President Lincoln was called "the baboon." The Northern schoolboy conceived the idea that President Davis was an uneducated gentleman, and commanded a regiment of United States troops in the war with Mexico, had been a United States senator and secretary of war. The Southern schoolboy considered President Lincoln a wild man from the Western woods who delighted in bloodshed. Children whose minds are not developed must concentrate upon one head in any movement in which they are interested. So Allan's thoughts dwelt upon Mr. Lincoln, embodying the great president with his idea of the hated "Yankees."

When Allan was fifteen he heard his mother tell him to fight for the Confederacy. Naturally clinging to her son, and the matter was compromised between them in this wise: If the war was not over in another year Allan was to enlist with his mother's consent. Many boys of his age, both in the North and in the South, broke away from parental restraint and enlisted without permission. Food for powder was in demand, and the recruiting officers often winked at the fact that the recruits were under age. But Allan was his mother's only child, and, being of an extremely affectionate disposition, the bond between them was doubly strong.

So Allan continued at his studies, though he read more about the battles that were being fought than the subjects treated in his textbooks. He lived in Richmond, and at one time had listened to the roar of the cannon during the seven days' battles that had been fought between Lee and McClellan. His admiration for soldiers wore away some of his bitterness against the federal generals, but President Lincoln was still the embodiment of his repugnance for the Northern people. The two heads—Davis of the Confederacy and Lincoln of the federal Union—throughout the war continued to represent the bitter antagonism felt by either side.

In the early spring of 1865 Allan Fitz Hugh came to be sixteen years of age, and his mother reluctantly consented to his doing his part to fill the gaps in the Southern ranks made by Northern soldiers. When the time came for him to leave his mother he was seized with a foreboding that he would not see her again. It is questionable which suffered the more at parting, mother or son.

Allan enlisted in time to take part in one of the last battles of the war. He saw a dark line of blue on the edge of a wood behind earthworks. With the Confederate line of battle he moved toward it. Suddenly a storm

burst in his face. He felt himself collapse and sank down on the ground. His companions in arms went on, but were soon driven back and over him, leaving him there with a stream of blood flowing from his side. Later he was picked up by a federal ambulance corps and placed on a stretcher. He believed himself to be dying, and, oh, how terrible not to be able to bid his mother good-by!



"What Can I Do for You, My Boy?"

"Mother!" he cried. "Oh, mother!" A tall, spare man in citizen's apparel heard the call and directed the carrier to put down the stretcher and, kneeling beside it, asked tenderly:

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"You are a Yankee. You will do nothing for me. I wish to send a message to my mother, but it will never reach her."

"Give me your message, and I promise you that I will send it for you." The next morning Mrs. Fitz Hugh heard of the battle and knew that her son had been in it. While she was wondering what might have been his fate a man rode up to her and gave her a message stating that it had come by flag of truce.

Starting for the front at once, the anxious mother succeeded in bringing her boy home. He lay for some time between life and death, then began slowly to recover. Not long after this Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates, and President Lincoln went down there from Washington. When he was riding through the street on which the Fitz Hugh lived Allan was propped up in an easy chair on pillows, and his mother pointed out Mr. Lincoln to him.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed the boy.

"What is it, Allan?"

"He's the man who comforted me when I was carried off that dreadful battlefield, and he sent you my message."

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.—Lincoln.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Wm. H. H. H. H.

America's Martyred President

1809—Born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12. He was descended from a Quaker family, which had emigrated from Virginia about 1780.

1816—Removed with his family from Kentucky to Indiana.

1830—Removed to Illinois, where during the next few years he followed various occupations, including those of a farm laborer, a merchant and a surveyor.

1836—Admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in Springfield.

1832—Served as a captain and afterward as a private in the Black Hawk war.

1844—Elected to the Illinois legislature as a Whig and served eight years.

1847—Elected to congress on the Whig ticket.

1858—As Republican candidate for the United States senate he engaged in a series of joint debates throughout Illinois with the Democratic candidate, Stephen A. Douglas.

1860—Elected president of the United States on the Republican ticket, the disunion of the Democratic party giving him an easy victory.

1861—On April 15, two days after the fall of Fort Sumter, he issued a call for 75,000 volunteers, and the control of events passed from the cabinet to the camp.

1861—April 19, proclaimed a blockade of Southern ports.

1862—September 22, issued a proclamation emancipating all slaves in states or parts of states, which should be in rebellion on January 1, 1863.

1864—Re-elected president by the Republican party, defeating Geo. B. McClellan, candidate of the Democratic party.

1865—Entered Richmond with the Federal army on April 3, two days after that city had been evacuated by the Confederates.

1865—Shot by John Wilkes Booth on April 14, and died the following day. Buried at Springfield, Ill.

Great Men Never Die.

The career of a great man remains an enduring monument of human energy. The man dies and disappears, but his thoughts and acts survive and leave an indelible stamp upon his race.—Samuel Smiles.

Must Be One or Other.

Donald walked up to a rather masculine looking woman with short hair and said: "Say, lady, are you a man?" And then, having received no answer, he inquired: "Say, mister, are you a lady?"

May Utilize Locusts.

Because locusts are rich in nitrogen and phosphoric acid the government of Uruguay has appointed a commission to ascertain if the insects can be utilized in fertilizers, soap and lubricants.

Gettysburg Speech Called Marvel of Poetic Splendor

Lincoln's undying Gettysburg address has been put into the new poetic style by Dr. Marion Mills Miller, who finds that "the speech is as perfect a poem as ever was written, and even in the minor qualities of artistic language—rhythm and cadence, phonetic euphony, rhetorical symbolism, and that subtle reminiscence of a great literary and spiritual inheritance, the Bible, which stands to us as Homer did to the ancients—it excels the finest gem to be found in poetic cabinets from the Greek anthology downward." Dr. Miller's interesting "poetic" presentation of the address follows:

Four score and seven years ago—
Our fathers brought forth on this continent
A new nation,
Conceived in liberty,
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
Testing whether that nation,
Or any nation so conceived and so dedicated,
Can long endure.
We are met on a great battlefield of that war,
We have come to dedicate a portion of that field

As a final resting-place
For those who here gave their lives
That that nation might live;
It is altogether fitting and proper
That we should do this.

But, in a larger sense,
We can not dedicate—
We can not consecrate—
We can not hallow—
This ground.
The brave men, living and dead,
Who struggled here
Have consecrated it far above our poor

power.
To add or detract.
The world will little note nor long remember
What we say here,
But it can never forget
What they did here.
It is for us, the living, rather
To be dedicated here to the unfinished work
Which they who fought here have so nobly

advanced.
It is rather for us to be here dedicated
To the great task remaining before us—
That from these honored dead
We take increased devotion to that cause
For which they gave the last full measure
Of devotion;

That we here highly resolve
That these dead shall not have died in vain;
That this nation, under God,
Shall have a new birth of freedom;
And that government of the people,
By the people, and for the people,
Shall not perish from the earth.

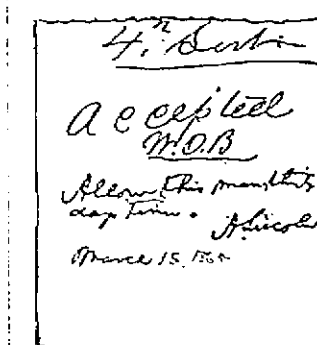
PATHOS IN THIS DOCUMENT

Soldier's Leave of Thirty Days,
Granted by Lincoln, Was Also
His Allotted Time.

Here is a photograph of a memorandum signed by Abraham Lincoln. It is dated March 15, 1863 (in his own handwriting), and, likewise in his own hand, says, "Allow this man thirty days' time."

The indorsement is of an application for a soldier for thirty days' leave.

But the most striking point about it is that it exactly named the time that, as the event showed, was left for Mr. Lincoln himself to remain on earth. He was assassinated just thirty days later.



LINCOLN'S GOOD OLD FRIEND

Perfect Courtesy of America's Great
Son Shown in His Treatment of
"Aunt Sally."

After Lincoln's election to the presidency an old woman, whom he called "Aunt Sally," came from New Salem to say good-by to "Abe" before he "went to Washington to be president."

The president-elect was standing in the room placed at his disposal in the old state capitol talking with two men of national renown when the old woman entered, shy and embarrassed. He saw her at once and walked across the room to meet his old friend. Taking both her hands in his, he led her to the seat of honor and presented his distinguished visitors to her, putting her quite at ease by saying:

"Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted, for she has baked them for me many a time."

A Few Facts About Lincoln.
He knew the value of a merry jest and a hearty laugh.

He was simple in manner, dress and bearing, but was big of heart and brain.

He was too great a nature to care one way or another about his ancestry. The living generation was of vital importance to him.

He did not advocate war for his own glorification, but to liberate human beings from slavery. All men were his brothers and his equals before his Creator.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.—John Sterling.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Lincoln's Fine Tribute to Bereaved Mother

At this time, above all times, when our thoughts revert to the man by many considered the greatest president that our country has had, we are proud to publish a letter written by him to a bereaved mother. It went from the heart to the heart, and its message still alive the soul of motherhood.

The letter was this:

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have lived so truly as sacrifices upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln.

Is it any wonder that this famous letter is still hanging on the walls of Bunsen's college, Oxford university, England, as a model of pure and exquisite English and as a compelling expression of a great heart and mind?

WOMEN LOVED BY LINCOLN HASTENED TO INFORM WIFE

Loss of One of Them in Early Youth
Cast a Lifelong Shadow Across
His Heart.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic of the Lincoln anecdotes may be revolved with dullness. On the night of his first election the little "frame" home of the Lincolns in Springfield, Ill., was thronged with eager neighbors and friends. Reports for a while came in from all quarters. "When they were less promising. The crowd dwindled. Then came the news that Lincoln had carried the country. The rest of the story will better be told by that great man himself. "When there was no longer any doubt, or reason for doubt," he related afterward, "I went up to my bedroom and found my wife asleep. I gently touched her shoulder and said, 'Mary! She made no answer. I spoke again a little louder, saying, 'Mary! Mary! we are elected!'"

There was a wild rose slip of a girl in a blue snubbonnet, with whom he walked the lanes of his homepun days. There was a clever, cultured woman, whose brilliant intellect lighted his ascending way in the Illinois legislature. And there was the belle of the gay social set at Springfield, who flattered across his pathway as it led to Washington. One he loved, and one he tried to, and one he married. These were the women that he courted. They loved Lincoln. To them the greatest American was far nearer than a lofty figure on a high pedestal. They heard his heart beat!

These were the women that loved Lincoln. One of them today lies near the banks of the Sangamon where he loved her. To the last there was with him the long, long sorrow of her loss that cast its shadow across his heart in youth. As late as 1864 he pushed aside state papers in the executive mansion at Washington to talk of her late in the night to a friend who had come from back home. One rests peacefully in a little cemetery at Pleasant Ridge, Ill. The mother of five children, her tombstone reads: "Mary Owens Vineyard." One lies at his side in the great mausoleum in Springfield, where the state keeps her blest and his heaped with fresh, fragrant flowers. When an assassin's bullet took his life, the American people mourned a great president. She mourned a great husband.—Dellmeier.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.—Lincoln.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him.—Lincoln.

When Abraham Lincoln, as a boy, first came in contact with the institution of slavery, he remarked: "If I ever get a chance I am going to knock that thing, and knock it hard!"

To one of station lowly
And far removed from fame
In early youth a holy
Prophetic vision came.

He cherished well the vision
That nursed the germ of truth;
In spite of men's derision;
In spite of waning youth.

When sacrifice was needed
He gave, nor grudged the gift;
And as the years receded
He saw the darkness lift.

The fogs that clouded reason
Were scattered by the light
And what before was treason
Grew sacred in men's sight.

His memory, without equal,
Lies in our hearts enshrined;
For he, so runs the sequel,
Serves best who serves mankind.

In plowing the furrow of life
straight, you may plow some flowers
under, but you'll plow lots of vermin
out.—Exchange.

Humility.
To practice humility look into the
sky and remember what thou knowest
not.—A Chinese proverb.

On Bidding Adieu.
Let us leave the world wiser
better than we found it and we shall
leave it happier.—Shuttleworth.

Scots Lending.
The soul's lending is the heart's privilege.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

302 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

GET YOUR

ICE CREAM

—AT—

Koschny's

330 & 332 THAMES STREET

OR AT THE

Branch Store, 16 Broadway

Cake, Ice Cream,

CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY
FIRST
CLASS

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have their water
supply improved by the use of a filter or
water purifier, should call on the undersigned
at 330 & 332 Thames Street, near the Post
Office, or at the Branch Store, 16 Broadway.

ASK ANY HORSE

**Eureka
Harness
Oil**

**Micro
Axle
Grease**

Sold by Dealers everywhere
Standard Oil Co. of New York

The KITCHEN CABINET

It's easy to sit in a carriage and count
the man that's not.
But get down and walk and you'll
change your talk, when you feel
the tack in your boot.

DISHES IN SEASON.

Cut the centers from finger rolls, fill
with creamed chicken, mushrooms or
sweetbreads. Set
into the oven and
toast the top. Garnish
with parsley.
Hot Cheese
Sandwiches.—Cut
the bread thin,
butter the slices
and lay a slice of
cheese on each.
Season with salt, pepper, and a pinch
of mustard. Place the sandwiches in a
butter and toast both sides a delicate
brown.

Sweet Pickled Muskmelons.—This
is a good way to use underripe melons;
cut in slices and remove the rind and
seed portion. To each quart of
water add a fourth of a cupful of
salt; pour this over the sliced melon
and let stand overnight. Drain and
put to cook in boiling salted water.
Cook but a few pieces at a time
and remove as soon as they are tender.
If cooked longer they will be
mushy. For seven pounds of melon
make a syrup using four pounds of
sugar, three cupfuls of vinegar,
half a cupful of cloves, a cupful of
cinnamon bark. Pour over the melon
and let stand overnight, then drain
off the syrup, pack the melon in jars,
reduce the syrup by boiling and fill the
jars.

Bordeaux Sauce.—Take four quarts
finely chopped cabbage, two quarts of
finely chopped green tomatoes, six
quarts of finely-chopped red peppers,
six quarts of finely-chopped onions,
two pounds of sugar, one-half cupful
of salt, two quarts of vinegar, one
ounce of mustard seed, one-half ounce
of celery seed, one-half ounce of turmeric.
Mix well and boil two hours.
This recipe may be quartered for a
smaller amount.

Puree of Summer Squash.—Slice
three onions and cover with two
quarts of cold water; when it boils
add the squash cut in thin slices. Let
simmer slowly for two hours, then
rub through a sieve. Mix one table-
spoonful of ground rice, one cupful of
milk and one tablespoonful of butter
in a saucepan and when hot add to
the soup. Add two tablespoonfuls of
green peas, season well and serve piping
hot.

Neenie Maxwell

Disposing of Trouble.

A good way to borrow trouble is to
go to your neighbor who is in a peck
of it and relieve him of as much as
you can, and then throw it away.

Daily Thought.

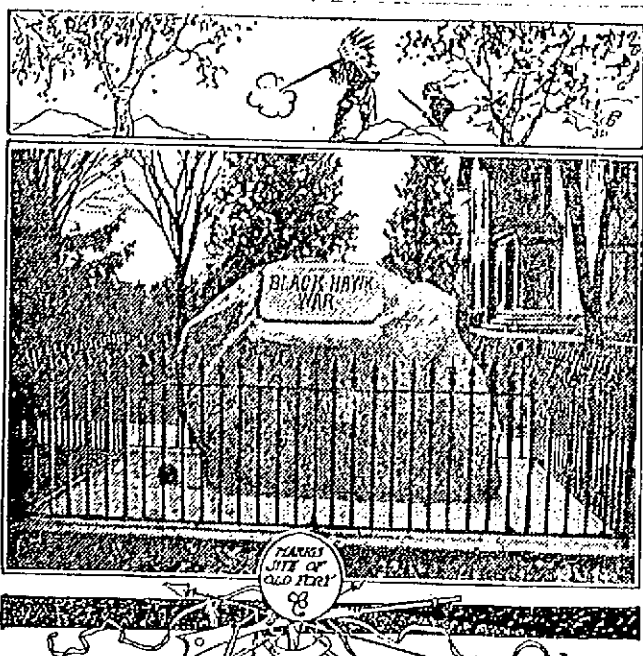
Patience and a mulberry leaf will
make a silk gown.—A Chinese proverb.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

YOU'LL enjoy this real
Burley cigarette. It's
full of flavor—just as good
as a pipe.

IT'S TOASTED

The Burley tobacco is
toasted; makes the taste
delicious. You know how
toasting improves the flavor
of bread. And it's the
same with tobacco exactly.



LINCOLN'S ONLY WAR EXPERIENCE

Future President Twenty-Three
When He Joined the Black
Hawk Expedition.

CHOSEN CAPTAIN OF COMPANY

With Him Were Men Destined to Fig-
ure Prominently in Country's His-
tory—Spot Where Army Erect-
ed Fort New Suitably
Marked.

By LILIAN STAIR SCHREINER.

ONE of the most inter-
esting events in
the life of the great
war president oc-
curred at a time
when he was little
known to fame.
This was in 1832,
during the Black
Hawk war, a war
which, in propor-
tion to the number
of lives lost, caused
more widespread
fear and consternation than any other
in the history of our country.

When the story of the battle at Sui-
man's Run, where a small band of sav-
ages put to flight a whole regiment of
soldiers, and also that of the massacre
at the Days farm, where fifteen women
and children were murdered, was
spread through the country there was
scarcely a farmhouse all through the
middle West that was not desolated.
Both of the places mentioned were in
northern Illinois and soon stockade
forts were thrown up and there the
people looked for protection from the
vast horde of savages that they be-
lieved to be on their trail.

Governor Reynolds of Illinois on

April 16, 1832, issued a proclamation
for volunteers to organize against the
savages, and Lincoln, then twenty-
three years of age and living at New
Salem, Sangamon county, Illinois, was
one of the first to respond. The com-
pany was allowed to choose its own
captain and much to his joy Lincoln
received the largest number of votes.
Of this incident he spoke in later years
as follows: "Then came the Black
Hawk war and I was elected captain of
volunteers, a success which gave me
more pleasure than I have had since."
In those early days Lincoln showed
that same observance to justice and
the rights of others which character-
ized his later years. In evidence of
which may be noted the incident of
the Indian's coming to General Cass with
a letter recommending him for his
services to the whites. Some of the
men in the company wished him shot
as a spy, but Lincoln promptly inter-
fered, saying that this peaceable
Indian should not be killed. There is no
record to show but what his judgment
was correct and his leniency well ad-
vised.

One of the most interesting facts in
Lincoln's history at this time, and
which shows what queer pranks fate
can play, is this: Gen. Winfield Scott,
then in command at Fort Snelling,
sent two young lieutenants to muster
in the Illinois volunteers. In the lan-
guage of a memoir of the times, one of
these lieutenants was "a very fascinat-
ing young man of easy manners and
affable disposition, while the other was
equally pleasant and extremely mod-
est. It is further stated that "a tall,
homely young man dressed in blue
jeans" presented himself to the lieuten-
ants as captain of a company of volun-
teers and was duly sworn in. The one
who administered the oath of allegi-
ance to the "young man in blue jeans"
was the lieutenant above mentioned.
This was Jefferson Davis. The young
man in blue jeans was Abraham Lin-
coln, and the other young lieutenant

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

of "the extremely modest" demeanor
was Robert Anderson, commander of
Fort Sumter at the beginning of the
Civil war. And no premonition told
them, as they stood together on that
pleasant spring morning, of the impor-
tant parts they were each to play in
that great drama of blood.

In that part of the war that was

carried on in Wisconsin, Lincoln was
with Early's company of rangers in
General Atkinson's command. On June
20, 1832, this company crossed the ter-
ritorial line into Wisconsin and camped
on the bank of the Rock river, about a
mile above the Turtle village of the
Winnebago Indians, and which is the
site of the present city of Beloit. The
company was often alarmed by the
rumors of Indians ahead, but had no
actual engagements. They marched
north and on July 1st camped at
Star's lake, a short distance east of
where the village of Milton now
stands. Striking the main trail of
Black Hawk's army they followed it
in a northerly direction toward Lake
Koshkonong. They reconnoitered here
but finding no fresh evidence they fol-
lowed the trail up Rock river to a
spot not far from where the city of
Port Atkinson is now situated. This
country at that time was a wilder-
ness, and this army of General At-
kinson's had to fairly cut its way
through the underbrush, tall trees and
clinging vines. He had an army of
nearly two thousand regulars. He built
a fort on the river bank near its junction
with Rock river, and his army re-
mained here a part of the month of
July, reconnoitering and following up
trails of the Indians through the



Lincoln Promptly Interfered.

swamps and woods. Lincoln, a mem-
ber of Early's company of rangers,
took an active part in all the maneu-
vers, and when word was brought on
the 8th of July by some Winnebago
Indians that Black Hawk was hiding
in the swamp on an island in Lake
Koshkonong, five miles down the river,
it was Early's company that was sent
to reconnoiter. They crossed the river
on rafts to the island, Lincoln among
them, but the wily Hawk had flown.

"This happened on the 8th of July.
They returned up the river to the main
command, and on the 10th of July Lin-
coln was mustered out of service. The
next day he started out with his com-
panions for his home in Illinois. That
night his own horse and that of one
of his comrades was stolen, and the
rest of the distance was made on foot.
Lincoln was very fond of talking in
later life of his experiences in the
Black Hawk war. On one occasion,
in the fall of 1850, he was making
speeches in Wisconsin. After speak-
ing at Beloit he was conveyed by car-
riage to Janesville. They traversed
the same route as that taken by the
army in the Black Hawk war twenty-
seven years before. Lincoln recog-
nized it and talked freely about the
events of that time, telling in his hu-
morous way of the difficulties encoun-
tered in his journey home after his
horse was stolen.

Gradually, however, in the three quar-
ters of a century and more that have
passed since the time when Lincoln
and his comrades camped in the wil-
derness, the stockade posts rolled
away until there was nothing to show
where the fort had stood. Then the
Daughters of the American Revolution
of Fort Atkinson took the matter in
hand and placed a memorial to mark
the spot. It is a massive boulder of
native stone with a tablet of Massa-
chusetts granite upon which this in-
scription is engraved: "Near this spot
in 1832 in the Black Hawk war, Gen.
Henry Atkinson erected a stockade
fort. To mark this historic ground the
Daughters of the American Revolution
of Fort Atkinson erect this mem-
orial."

Church Gives Every Man.

There is a little French church in
the heart of Philadelphia which has
given and given to the great world
strife, ever since the war began. Life
blood and widows' mites, and in the
face of poverty is still giving, giving,
according to a Philadelphia correspond-
ent.

Not one man between seventeen and
fifty years old remains in the mem-
bership of the little church of St. Sauveur.
All are at the front, some are with
the French army, some are with the
United States forces, but all have gone.
All are fighting for the same great
world ideal.

They have left mothers, wives and
little ones who do not complain, but
give to the last penny, not only for
those they love, but for the relief of
all suffering.

Nearly all of them are working peo-
ple, but, in addition to the struggle
for bread and butter, they have found
the way to adopt and support four or-
phans in France. In addition to the
incessant knitting and sewing for the
little war orphans here these brave
women have also found time to make
and send countless woolen comforts
and relief supplies to the war victims
in France and Belgium, the orphans
and the wounded. They also subscribed
to the starving Armenians.

OLD BLOCK PRINTS

Invention Is Credited to the Chi-
nese in Year 592.

Books Not in Competition With Manu-
scripts Until the Middle of the
Tenth Century.

Printing from blocks is said to have
been invented in China in 592 A. D.,
during the enlightened reign of Yang
Chien, the founder of the progressive
but short-lived Sui dynasty. Printed
books, however, asserts a writer in the
Oriental News and Comment, did not
compete with manuscripts until the
middle of the tenth century. From that
time block printing developed very rap-
idly, resulting in a great cheapening
and wide diffusion of books and the
consequent rapid decline of the copy-
ists' trade. No doubt the rapid dis-
semination of learning thus entailed
had much to do with the great intel-
lectual progress made in China during
the Sung dynasty, from 960 to 1290 A.
D., which has been called the "pro-
tracted Augustan age of Chinese litera-
ture."

Whereas the manuscript works of
the great Tang dynasty (618-907 A.
D.), which were doubtless tenfold more
numerous and more important than the
contemporary literary works of the
whole western world, the printed books
of the Sung Yunn and the early part
of the Ming dynasty up to the middle
of the fifteenth century have no coun-
terpart at all in Europe. They existed
in countless thousands of volumes. In
1406 the Imperial Ming library con-
tained printed works to the extent of
more than 300,000 chuan (books) and
more than twice as many manuscripts,
and already many printed works of the
Sung dynasty had been lost during the
disasters incident to the protracted
war with the Mongols. Undoubtedly
more books were printed in China than
in all the rest of the world up to the
middle of the seventeenth or the be-
ginning of the eighteenth century.

The great bulk of Chinese works,
aside from the Confucian classics, is
historical or literary, the latter being
mostly essays, short poems, or crit-
iques. There exists also a vast litera-
ture of fiction and very many "mis-
t" works.

Novels are not even classed as lit-
erature, although famous ones exist
and some of them have been translated
into European languages. There are
also many famous dramas, some dating
from the Yuan dynasty, but these, too,
are excluded from literature proper by
Chinese bibliographers. The historical
records of the Chinese are of vast bulk
and represent a conscientious and
painstaking record of the political and
sociological experiences of the oldest
civilized nation on earth. In close con-
nection with these records proper we
should consider the vast number of
geographic treatises and especially the
so-called gazetteers. These latter are
official publications issued by the em-
pire, province, district, or even town-
ship, and treat not only geography and
topography proper, but also the an-
tiquities, natural and manufactured
products, and even the biographies of
famous men, population, taxes, astro-
logy, marvelous happenings, etc.

Antiquity of Jerusalem.

The wonderful antiquity of Jerusa-
lem has only been appreciated in re-
cent years. Up to 50 years ago, ob-
serves the Chicago Examiner, it was
thought that Jerusalem was of little
importance as a city until it became
the "City of David," king of Israel.
But with the discovery of the Tel-
el-Amarna tablets in Egypt new light
was shed upon the history of the ac-
cursed city. There were found six letters
written by the king of Jerusalem to
the Pharaoh of Egypt, dating from the
fifteenth century B. C. The name of
this king of Jerusalem was Abdi-hiba,
or, as some scholars read the cunei-
form, Abdi-sadak, and he writes to the
Pharaoh beseeching him to send sol-
diers, almost as the Turks must have
sent messages to Germany asking for
reinforcements that they might save
the day.

Pioneers Lived on Corn.

We ought to be proud of corn. The
corn-fed critter, human and otherwise,
always has been strong, vigorous and
of high vitality.

In serving corn dishes on its dining
cars the Southern Pacific railway dis-
tributes a small card giving recipes
and other interesting information, as
follows:

"The government desires that wheat
be used as sparingly as possible and
that corn be substituted.

"America was pioneered on corn;
the Pilgrim Fathers almost lived on
it. Corn was the first crop planted in
all the virgin soil as it was settled,
from the Atlantic out across the Alle-
ghenies; upon the broad prairies, and
beyond.

Smart Boys.

The schoolmaster was giving the
boys a lecture on thrift and pointed
out how squirrels stored up nuts for
the winter. Then he asked for an-
other illustration of thrift in animals,
and one boy cried out:

"A dog."

"A dog! In what way does a dog
practice economy?"

"Please, sir, when he runs after his
tail he makes both ends meet."

The master laughed, and another
boy said:

"A bear."

"Well, what does the bear do?"

"It makes one cent last him a life-
time."

Size of American Flags.

The garrison flag of the United
States army is made of hunting, with
35 feet by 20 feet; 13 stripes, and in
the upper quarter next the staff
is the field or "union" of stars, equal
to the number of states, on blue field,
over one-third length of flag, extending
to the lower edge of the fourth red
stripe from the top.

HAVE APPETITE FOR PRAISE

Everybody Craves Words of Approval
and Commend—Effect of the Time-
ly Kind Attention.

It is a human frailty to want praise.
We begin young to crave the approv-
ing words of others. "There is none
like to me," says the cub in the pride
of his earliest skill. "But the jungle is
large, and the cub he is small; let him
think and be still." Children brought
up in school can generally be told
from those who have been trained soli-
tarily, says a writer in the Philadel-
phia Ledger, for the children thrown
much with other children are less like-
ly to develop arrogance, selfishness
and conceit. They do not find their
scholarships in a frame of mind to put
them on a pedestal or crown their
brows with laurel. They are not re-
garded as little tin gods on wheels;
they are not to stand in the shadow
of the classroom and the playground. No-
body defers to their opinions; nobody
minds when they stamp the foot and
shout angrily.

Children of a larger growth often
crave an admiration which they do not
get. They think to draw an audience
by harping on the theme of self, and
they find that the audience for that
kind of recital is likely to be limited
to the performer. To knock the "I"
out of each conversation is not neces-
sarily to make it interesting. Many
times a narrative loses greatly in path
and pungency by the impersonality to
which it is coupled. A story of adven-
ture greatly gains by the sense of the
first-hand participation of the narrator
in the incidents he describes. When
the first person is introduced for the
sake of the edification of the reader,
there need be no apology; when it is
introduced for the glorification of the
speaker, it is odious altogether.

A man must do his work as well as
his man, whether he is praised for it or
not. The taste of publicity is likely to
be what the taste of blood is to tiger
or lion; it whets the desire for more
of the same thing. There are some
who rarely do a good deed without
rushing to neighbor or newspaper to
let it be known. To others the "free
advertising" is inherent. They are
made happy by a glowing conscious-
ness that the right thing was done, and
that auto-satisfaction of virtue is their
reward. But most of us have not
reached that lofty pinnacle whereon
we can abide serenely independent of
what others think or say. We want a
kind word now and then to keep us
going. We hunger for appreciation,
even when we tell ourselves we are
not worth it. Who has not known the
lift a letter of encouragement, a sen-
tence of commendation, has brought?
The day is brighter for it, and we feel
refreshed, renewed. Blessed are they
who speak in time this heartening,
quickening word.

Goats' Milk Is Favored.

Everyone who is at all acquainted
with the milk goat knows of the value
of the milk for infants and invalids;
use—one of the first points about the
milk goat that presents itself, asserts
a writer. The goat is practically free
from tuberculosis. According to the
annual reports of the Bureau of animal
industry (U. S.), covering federal in-
spection of animals slaughtered for
food, there were inspected during the
eight years, 1907 to 1914, inclusive,
579,617 goats, of which not a single
animal was condemned for tubercu-
losis. This fact alone should be the
strongest argument in favor of the
milk of the goat. The cream globules
of the milk of the goat are smaller
than those of cows' milk, and because
of this milk being condensed the cream
globules are contained in a more per-
fect state of emulsion than the cow's
milk. An argument in favor of steri-
lized milk is that authorities agree it
is actually more easily digested than
is the fresh milk, this referring to
goats' and cows' milk alike.

War Cures Suicide.

Sir Bernard Mallet, registrar gen-
eral of the British empire, announced
recently that suicide had fallen off
strikingly in England since the begin-
ning of the war. The explanation is
that the national unity of feeling, the
subordination of self and the sharing
of sympathy on all sides makes the in-
dividual's personal injuries less im-
portant and induces him to forget his
own desperation. Personal indulgences
and excesses of immorality, causes of
insanity and melancholia, are curbed
and minimized naturally by the econ-
omies enforced upon the populace.
Discipline in eating, dressing, working
has also a beneficial effect in keeping
the mind sane and free from morbid
broodings.

Would Take Glass Eye Back.

Paul Gary of Anderson, Ind., is all
American, with the exception of a
glass eye. The substitute optic is
alien.

Gary tried to enlist in the United
States marine corps at their recruiting
station in Louisville, Ky., but was re-
jected when his infirmity was discov-
ered by Sergt. G. C. Wright.

"Didn't you know that the loss of
an eye would prevent your enlisting?"
asked the sergeant.

"I thought it might," explained Gary,
"but this glass blinker is the only part
of me that was made in Germany, and
I want to take it back."

He was advised to mail it.

Crop and Drug Plants.

One of the projects outlined by the
committee on botany of the national
research council is the search for wild
plants which may be used as wartime
substitutes for the more costly crop
plants. During the Civil war Dr. John
Purser, a Southerner, published a
book giving a list of plants of the
South which could be substituted for
much-needed food and drug plants. It
is suggested that information might be
obtained from hunters, trappers,
woodsmen, farmers, Indians and the
foreigners, who pick up considerable
food from the countryside. Similar in-
formation is desired concerning plants
that can be used in medicine.

